

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

DEAR SUSAN—"A dog, a dog, my kingdom for a dog!" is the cry right now—if I may be permitted to paraphrase King Richard III's historic speech as chronicled by Master Will Shakespeare. For half the world, the male portion of the world, at least, has gone a-hunting, and the other half is busily engaged in trying to beg, borrow, or steal a hunting dog.

Master Reynard needs must look to himself these bright autumn days, for yelping packs of foxhounds, with their attendant horsemen, are at his heels; the woods are full of men with gun and dog after the shy and elusive quail; in the marsh lands along the river, blinds and decoys have been set up for the wild duck, and even the modest rabbit dares not call his soul his own.

The very day that the hunting season opened I met "Daddy Brown"—Herbert H. Brown, if you are a stickler for propriety, but his intimates at the Army and Navy Club, where he spends much of his time, all know him as "Daddy"—carrying a fine brace of canvas back duck. I hailed him as a mighty hunter, but he confessed that he had purchased his prize on a street corner. And, truly, vendors and game appeared in the streets as if by magic.

Riding to hounds is the only form of hunting which appeals particularly to me, and it is a sport which has many devotees in Washington. The run arranged by the Washington Riding and Hunt Club yesterday was eminently successful, and attracted a larger attendance than was expected. In view of the fact that many horse lovers are still out of town, Edythe Howard, who never misses a hunt when she is in town, is visiting the Bonalls at "Verdant Valley." Ruth Hitchcock is still away; Ruth Anderson has gone to Fort Oglethorpe for Dasha Allen's wedding, and Capt. "Billy" Mitchell did not get back from New York in time to make the run. However, Mrs. Sinclair Bowen turned out, as did Ethel McMurray, and among the men were Ralph Coffin, John Evans, Tom Morgan, Jr., Melvin Hazen, Robert Chapman, the young John Devereux. The run—it was a drag hunt—started at the American University grounds, and lay through Hower's dairy farm, and the Goldborough farm to Bradley Hills, where the "kill" was made.

Tom Veirs also "staged" another fox hunt on his farm near Rockville, for which he invited a number of guests. He, however, follows the precedent in vogue in mountain country, lets the dogs trail the fox and disposes his guests atop the great hill back of his house, which commands a view of the whole proceedings.

Unlike most expert card players, Mrs. W. H. McAllister, the proud possessor of high a hundred medals and prizes for bridge playing, is the most charming partner that one could wish for at the card table. Mrs. McAllister is a newcomer to Washington, but has already won her way by her delightful personality into the hearts of the members of the Washington Club and all others who have made her acquaintance. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister are New York people who have come to Washington to make their home and have built a beautiful residence in one of the handsomest blocks in Washington, Wyoming avenue near Twenty-third street.

Senator James D. Phelan, who will come to town next month when Congress convenes and who enjoys the distinction of being California's first Democratic Senator in twenty years, has had long experience in the role of leading citizen and particularly has been held in esteem in San Francisco since the renaissance that followed the fire. He is possessed of several millions and is a man of many engaging qualities. He has traveled extensively, writes verses and has achieved some fame as an after-dinner speaker. He is one of the leading spirits of San Francisco's Bohemian Club and was at one time its president. Moreover, he is a patron, in the old Roman sense of the word, one who encourages art and letters in practical ways. He sends students to Europe to cultivate a taste for art or music, he encourages young journalists in search of adventure and he has put money into plays. As an angel, he has even been successful—which is not usual with angels—having backed "The Bird of Paradise" with such good effect that he was encouraged to take up the role of backer for "Omar the Tentmaker."

The part which Senator Phelan played in the graft prosecutions which sent Abraham Reuf and his gang to jail is well known, also the fact that he has been three times mayor of San Francisco. Of course, he has made no end of warm and enthusiastic enemies, but that his friends have it by a large majority was proved by his election by the direct ballot.

Senator Phelan was among those who entertained for the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo on their recent trip to California, the luncheon which he gave at Villa Montalvo in the Saratoga foothills being about the most important function arranged in their



MRS. EDWIN H. PILSON.

Mrs. Pilson is one of the most attractive members of the younger set in Washington, and her house in R street, not far from Sheridan circle, is a favorite gathering place for young people. She entertains constantly and delightfully.

honor. There were present the leaders of San Francisco society, the high Federal officials and a few of the literary set. Congressman and Mrs. William Kent were among the guests.

Washington society folk see very little of Gladys Ingalls these days, but they have never lost interest in this popular and attractive young woman and in her various activities. One reason, probably, is because she is always doing interesting and unusual things. She seems to have inherited a considerable portion of the business ability and energy of her father, the late president of the Big Four and other railway systems, along with his wealth. Not content with her numerous social activities and her fame as a horsewoman, and on the golf course, she is now preparing to embark on a business career.

The Ingalls, as usual, are spending the greater part of the year at Hot Springs. Gladys was one of the moving spirits in establishing the Hot Springs Gardening Association, organized for the purpose of providing a much needed industrial education for the children of the mountaineers, and she has done no end of valuable work for the Red Cross and various relief organizations in that vicinity. And now, as an individual enterprise, she intends running a chicken farm, and for that purpose has purchased a big place in Bath county, between Hot and the Warm Springs. Here she has metamorphosed an exceedingly commonplace board house by means of gabled roofs and latticed windows into a cottage of the English type, surrounded by old-fashioned flower beds, all in harmony with the picturesque mountain environment. The next step will be the installation of all the latest inventions for the proper uplift of the ordinary barn fowl into something more nearly worth the high price it now demands on the market.

Lowell Patterson, whose bride was formerly Gertrude Schmidt, a graduate of Fairmont Seminary, and a girl who has many friends in Washington, was selected for the post of vice consul to Johannesburg in a manner that is considered most unusual in the history of governmental appointments. When he decided several weeks ago that he would like to have a position in the consular service, he came to Washington, inquired his way to the State Department, obtained an audience with William Phillips, Third Assistant Secretary of State, and in plain

unvarnished language, asked for a job. It so happened that the vice consul at Johannesburg was just leaving Africa to take a similar post in China, and without further ado Mr. Patterson was selected to take his place, on the strength of good references, a personal guarantee that he could make good and nothing else.

The city of Johannesburg has a population of about 200,000, and is the center of the richest mineral lands of the British possessions. As vice consul, Mr. Patterson will serve under Edwin Gunnsauls, the consul, and in the absence of his chief will have charge of the commercial affairs of the United States. Occasionally it will become his duty to look after diplomatic matters. Mr. Patterson comes of a well known Indianapolis family and has made an excellent record in his home city, where he has been connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Bell Telephone Company.

Gertrude Patterson was graduated from Fairmont only last year, and was to have made her debut in Indianapolis this winter. However, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," particularly when Dan Cupid puts in his appearance, and her marriage to Mr. Patterson in September put a sudden stop to all plans for her debut.

Mrs. George M. Cochran and her daughter, Margaret Cochran, have come to Washington from their home in Staunton, Va., and are at the Grafton for the autumn months. Mrs. Cochran

was a Miss Peyton, and both the Peyton and the Cochran families are among the oldest and most aristocratic in that section of Virginia. These interesting and attractive women are the mother and sister of John Baldwin Cochran, who for the past year and a half has been president of the Franklin National Bank in this city. Mr. Cochran, who had an apartment at the Rochambeau last season, is just back from a hunting trip in Virginia, and is established at the Cordova for the coming winter. He has been put up at the Metropolitan and Chevy Chase Clubs, and is an interesting addition to the list of attractive and eligible young bachelors of Washington.

Speaking of "marriageable eligibles"—to use a phrase popular with a certain attractive Southern girl of my acquaintance—there is a very recent arrival in town who should rank high on the list, Congressman C. C. Dill, a young man from Washington State, who has come to town ready to take his seat in the House when Congress convenes. Mr. Dill has leased an apartment at 1728 H street for the winter, and it is whispered—is busy negotiating for the purchase of a machine.

Alexandra Dwing has desolated the hearts of her young contemporaries by her selection of November 27 as the date of her marriage to Newbold Noyes. Individually and collectively they cannot bear the thought of missing the wedding, and yet—that is the day of the Army and Navy game, the one day when Washington is as empty of society folk as it is in midsummer. Undoubtedly old St. John's Church will be crowded for the ceremony, and there will be an abundance of pretty girls, but it will be a real tribute to Alexandra's popularity.

All sorts of entertainments are in prospect to invigilate the pennies from one's pocket for sweet charity's sake, many of them so cleverly managed as to make giving not only blessed but enjoyable. Of notable interest is the annual bazaar, luncheon, and dance to be given at the Raleigh on December 15 by the board of lady managers of the George Washington University Hospital, the proceeds to go toward the philanthropic work of the institution. Luncheon will be served from 12 to 2 o'clock; there will be dancing from 2:30 to midnight, and the bazaar will continue all day and evening. Mrs. Albert L. Mills, Mrs. Charles Stockton, Mrs. Charles Richardson, Mrs. Eugene Byrnes, Mrs. William Cline Borden, Mrs. James B. Alshire, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Hoff are the patronesses.

The Washington auxiliary of the National Indian Association's bazaar and tea at the Willard next Wednesday will be remarkable for the musical treat that is arranged for the evening, a recital by Miss Elia Raker, violinist, and Miss Marie Hansen, pianist, and the tea and sale for the benefit of the Home for Foundlings, which is set for Thursday afternoon, is sure to draw a large attendance. The entertainment will be given at the quarters of the home, 1715 Fifteenth street, and the members of the board of lady visitors will receive.

Then on December 5 will come the card party and tea dance at the Willard, for which the members of the A. E. Lawton Chapter, U. D. C., will be hostesses. This chapter provides all the bread, flour, and meal that is used at the Confederate Memorial Home, pays the wages of the cook, subscribes to a number of magazines for the use of the residents, keeps up their supply of linen, and also looks after a number of destitute families.

Dame Rumor seems to have played me false when she whispered in my ear that Capt. "Bill" Merry's ardent courtship of a fascinating Trenton girl had reached the engagement stage. When I told him that I had written to you about it, his only complaint was that I was scaring off all of the girls, that none would be nice to him. Knowing Bill Merry, that is hard to believe. I notice that they all seemed pleased to learn that he will not be ordered away until the late spring instead of the first of the year, as was expected.

The rumor that Dorothy Rohrer, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Rohrer, and

Basel Boteler have settled all the plans for their marriage, except the wedding date, seems better authenticated, and likewise the news that Lanette Smith and Dainierfield Spencer are on the verge of announcing their engagement. Both of these young men have been ardent in their suit, and have certainly earned the reward of persistence. There, I'm probably letting cats out of the bags, but I see no reason why I should not tell you, for everybody knows about both engagements.

Another engagement, of which I am perfectly free to tell, is that of Dr. Ethan Butler, the clever son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, of Mrs. Renshaw, of Philadelphia—I can't remember her first name. Dr. Butler, who is just back from Serbia, where he was doing relief work, is in town for a few days, before going to New York State, where he is to practice medicine. The wedding will be an event of the coming month.

With Washington society composed mostly of transients, such as army and navy people, diplomats, and high Government officials, many new faces are seen at most of the entertainments given in the early part of the season. There are always many new acquaintances to be made each fall. Some of the most charming I have met this season are in the army circles, foremost among them being Major James A. Shipton, of the coast artillery, and his pretty wife, who was a Miss Lincoln, a Southern girl. Major Shipton has been in the city about a month having come from Fort Terry, New York, where he was commanding officer.

He is enjoying picking up a number of old acquaintances, two of whom are Mr. Thomas Cleland Dawson and the Peruvian minister, Menor Peset, whom he knew when he was military attaché in Peru. He also served in the same capacity in Brazil. Major and Mrs. Shipton knew Mrs. Dawson when she was Luisa Duval, the daughter of a wealthy Frenchman living in Peru. Her late husband represented this country in Peru at the time of their marriage. Washington is now her permanent home. She has joined the Chevy Chase Club, and has made an astonishingly large number of friends. Major and Mrs. Shipton have one child, a charming little girl of eight years.

Lieut. Joe Treat, son of Col. Charles Treat, is at Fort Myer, and is a pleasing addition to the bachelor contingent.

Mrs. Howse, wife of Major Robert L. Howse, who came to Washington in September from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where he was in command, finds life in Washington like an extract from the Arabian Nights tales. It is the first time that she, wife and daughter of an army officer—her father was the late Gen. Hamilton Hawkins—ever lived in a city. She says that it seems like a fairy tale that she can go to a telephone and order anything she desires, to have it delivered in a short time. Major Howse is on duty at the War College.

A fascinating little army person who is being extensively entertained during her month's visit in town is Mrs. Rose, wife of Lieut. W. W. Rose, who is on a mapping expedition near Frederick, Md. Meanwhile Mrs. Rose is with her father, Gen. Erasmus Weaver. Mrs. Weaver is visiting her son, Lieut. Walter R. Weaver, at Marion, Ala. She will return at the end of next week, when Mrs. Rose expects to return to her husband's post at Fort Monroe.

"China's Koo d'etat" is the name by which the newly appointed minister of the Chinese republic to the United States, who is to succeed that popular diplomat, Kai Fu Shah, is frequently called. Dr. Wellington Koo we call him for short, and Dr. Koo for shorter, but he signs himself Vi Kyulin Wellington Koo on special occasions.

Dr. Koo has been described by Prof. Jeremiah Jenks, a recognized authority on Chinese and world affairs, as "not merely one of the ablest living Chinese, but one of the most remarkable men in the world today." Because of his youth—he is only about thirty years old—he has been likened to William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Alexander Hamilton, and other great figures of political history, who achieved fame at an age when most men are still cutting their wisdom teeth, so far as success is concerned.

The new minister is a Mandarin. When the United States remitted the Boxer indemnity, China decided to send the pick of her students to our universities. Dr. Koo was one of the first to come. He entered Columbia University, having previously studied at St.

John's College, Shanghai. He did four years' work in three, made Phi Beta Kappa, took several degrees and was, moreover, one of the leaders in college life. He became editor-in-chief of the Spectator, the students' daily paper, writing editorials that were models of good English; was a member of the board of student representatives, and was one of the best debaters in college. Then he devoted three years to the study of international law under John Bassett Moore, and in his postgraduate days took a keen interest in the affairs of his countrymen in America. He was, indeed, one of the chief leaders among the Chinese students in the colleges and universities of the United States, serving for a time as editor of the Chinese Students' Monthly, and as president of the Chinese Students' Alliance.

When Yuan Shi Kai became President of the young republic of the Orient, Dr. Koo was appointed English secretary to the President and secretary to the cabinet. Later he was given a post in the foreign office, and was then elevated to the rank of counselor, which corresponds to their Counselor of our State Department. Recently he came back to America, having been named as China's first minister to Mexico, Peru, and Cuba. He didn't go to Mexico City, however, as a special mission took him to London; and now he has been chosen official minister to the United States and unofficial ambassador to Pan-America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eakin Gadsby were hosts at dinner last evening, when they entertained in compliment to several recent brides. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bernard Berry, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Geare, and, in addition to the "newlyweds," the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith, Barbara Smith, and Commander and Mrs. Harvey Tomb.

I met Mr. Gadsby—of whose prowess as a dead shot and destroyer of trespassing birds I wrote you recently—the other day, armed with his shotgun, and ready for another job of putting pigeons out of business, this time those which infest the Treasury building. Being the only man in town who has the privilege of shooting within the heart of the city or anywhere else in the District that strikes his fancy, he is besieged from time to time with requests to destroy pigeons that are a nuisance. Mr. Gadsby is now seventy years old, and has been shooting since he was twelve. He has frequently been arrested while in action, and usually gives the policeman a run for his money before exhibiting his permit.

Mr. Gadsby is one of the old residents of the city. He was a page in the Capitol during Lincoln's Administration, and was generally known as "Lincoln's boy." He knew Washington in the days when it could boast no paved streets and the roadways were veritable mud-holes, when Farragut Square was a cavalry camp, and Dupont Circle a horse corral; when Commodore Decatur occupied the fine old house on the southwest corner of H street and Jackson place, and enjoyed the lovely old garden which filled the whole block.

Once during these days a delegation of colored ministers called upon President Lincoln to thank him in the name

of their race, for liberating them from the bonds of slavery. After they had made their speeches with due ceremony, struggling over the long word which the Africans love to use on state occasions, Mr. Lincoln asked the delegates if they were now ready to fight to maintain their liberty. Whereupon the chief spokesman thought a moment, and then asked the President if he had ever seen two dogs fight over a bone. "Certainly," answered Mr. Lincoln, "many times. But what of it?" "Well," asked the colored man, "did you ever see the bone fight?"

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, is represented in a new portrait by Benziger, with a receiver at his ear, talking with San Francisco in the recent memorable test of the wireless telephone. The life-size portrait sketch, in brown and white oil, is painted on an oak panel, the grain of which shows through the pigment. It is executed in Mr. Benziger's exact style, and is most faithful in its portrayal.

Prof. Bell posed for the artist in his office at the Volta Bureau, where he directs the research work for the benefit of the deaf and dumb. He was the founder of the Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. The Volta Bureau, which is situated on Thirty-fifth street, just across from Prof. Bell's old home, was built and endowed by Mrs. Bell, with the idea of aiding all the deaf people of the nation who could be reached. The bureau corresponds with every school for the deaf in the country, publishes a magazine, and in various ways accomplishes much for persons so afflicted.

There, having told you all the new and near news that I can gather, I'll bid you an affectionate farewell. My love to your mother, fondly yours, Sunday. JEAN ELIOT.

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